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STIR-TIS-TICS

High Number	21123	Low Number	6235
Population Inside	428	Rothe Hall	221
Women's Quarters	13	Ranches	20
Misc. Trusties	5	Total Count	687

CONTENTS

PAGE	TITLE	AUTHOR
1	Flag	
2	Stir-Tis-Tics & Contents	
3	The Editor's Desk - - - -	Z. Snow
6	In The Can As Men or Sardines - - - - -	J. V. Bennett
10	Letter to Foster Parents -	Stephen & Teresita
12	Complex Charlie	
14	Pride - - - - (as told to)	B. Crepeau
18	Professor Instructs MSP School Staff - - - - -	K. L. Moran
19	Bud Writes Home - - - - -	Bud
21	Cartoon - - - - -	D. Fletcher
22	Progress Parade - - - - -	L. Daddow
26	The Gag Bag	
28	Softball - - - - -	W. Weinberger
31	Homes for the Homeless - -	I. Harris
34	Will it Work Here - - - -	L. Dewey
36	Olympic Champ? - - - - -	W. Weinberger
38	Musclemen - - - - -	K. Mattucci
40	Prayer of Thanksgiving -	8 yr old Pueblo boy
41	The Shadow	
42	They Went That-a-way - - -	J. Lucas

ABOUT THE COVER

This months cover represents a Montanan's day dreams in December and a prisoner's all year round.

THE EDITOR'S DESK

Conjugal Visits

J. Snow

ILLOGICAL, ILLEGAL and EXPENSIVE
OR LOGICAL, ETHICAL and HUMANE?

Homosexuality in prison is and has been a problem since time immemorial. In many modern prisons today it is being combatted by the conjugal visit. A system recently adopted by several institutions in this country but generally found only in such advanced Penal Systems as those in Sweden, Denmark, Norway (and as much as we hate to admit it) Russia.

The most recent state in these United States to adopt the conjugal visit is Alaska. Once every six weeks husband and wife are granted a 24 hour visiting permit. During this twenty-four hour period they share a one room apartment. The visit enables them to keep their family together, to renew their love, to settle family matters in privacy, to preserve the prisoner's sense of belonging (both to the family unit and to society) and grants both husband and wife release from an otherwise frustrating and tension filled period in their lives.

Recently I have seen a dedicated young minister spend weeks trying to solve several marital problems for inmates and their wives. I don't know what degree of success the Reverend had, but I would venture a guess that it was nil. Usually when a wife files for divorce, and her husband has much time left to serve, it is too late to change their minds. "Joe the Grinder", every married inmates dread, has arrived on the scene. As all good cynics know, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Many women would rather be divorced and promiscuous, than married and unfaithful. For the normal woman it is very difficult to remain faithful to a suit of clothes on a hanger, a tear stained pillow and a monthly visit through a doubly screened and barred visiting room.

What about the children of men imprisoned? Have you ever seen a child who was without a father? Every man that comes along the boy wants to be around. A girl will cast flirtatious glances and shy smiles at the stranger. It is only normal for a child to want a father. But when the children come to visit "daddy" at the prison there are bars with fine mesh screen through which they must peer, no opportunity for guidance or counsel, no knee upon which to climb or arm to be placed around thier shoulders and the hazy image of "daddy" becomes a loveless image of a stranger.

Conjugal visits allow the child the chance to retain the father's image, to know the finer qualities that every man has, whether felon, mentally disturbed, or just plain Joe Doaks, average citizen and father of three.

The critics of this system claim that the visits are immoral. These 20th Century puritans would rather ignore the situation entirely than to open their eyes and face up to conditions which exist to some degree in any single sex environment. Others who are pocketbook conscious suggest that the children resulting from such a system are only an added burden on the taxpayer and will probably wind up as a further drain on their tax paying children. They fail to remember that their \$2100 a year investment stands a much greater chance of becoming a contributing member of society himself if he has a wife and family to return to.

A more conservative type of visiting system is that used for many years in prisons of medium security. It is being tried with more and more prisons of maximum security with great success. In this type of a setting the family attends Easter Sunday services together, have picnic lunches in a supervised area, spend such holidays as Thanksgiving Day and Christmas together in a large visiting area. In this type of atmosphere the father at least is allowed to hold his children, embrace his wife and family and to feel a sense of freedom more conducive to rehabilitation than that in which he can barely see his visitor. Angola, the Louisiana State Prison allowed mothers to attend church services with their sons on Mother's Day. It was such a success it will become a permanent part of the prison's rehabilitation program.

The objections offered by some prison administrators to this type of visiting set-up is that they present a

security risk. This risk can be overcome by a body shakedown and presents no new or greatly involved type of security precautions. Another is that there is too much "hanky panky" when inmates and their wives or sweethearts get in too close a proximity. This problem is easily solved by the temporary or permanent cancellation of the transgressor's visiting privileges. The last and probably hardest to overcome is that the public wouldn't approve the conjugal visit. The latter is hard to answer for until recently there has never been a survey made to test the public's reaction on this. The AGENDA, the Washington State Prison Penal Publication, recently polled its outside readers on this question. The results are not yet known to this writer, but it is almost a certainty that the majority of the AGENDA'S readers are inmate's families and would be in favor of it. It would be quite interesting to know what an unbiased survey would disclose. Are we products of the 20th Century or of our Puritan forefathers?

CONJUGAL VISITS FOR PRISONERS?

The second UN Congress on the Prevention of Crime and the Treatment of Offenders has this to say in Section 3 Pages 102, 103 and 105-14:

"The establishment and maintenance of satisfactory relations with the members of his family and persons who may be of help to him should be supported. The advisability of permitting conjugal visits for prisoners should be carefully studied."

(Via The Angolite)

Why should we kill the best of passions, love?
It aids the hero, bids ambition rise
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Even softens brutes, and adds a grace to virtue.
(from Thomson's Sophonisba)



In The Can As Men Or Sardines

by James V. Bennett

The 118-year old state penitentiary had just experienced a riot. Five persons had died, sixty had been injured, a number of buildings had been burned, and wanton damage exceeded three million dollars. The Governor asked me to find out what was wrong.

There was a great deal wrong at the ancient and over crowded prison. For example, I found six men jammed indiscriminately into a dirt encrusted cell originally built for a single prisoner. Light and air struggled into the cell through a miniscule window and seeped through a strap-iron door so low and narrow that I had to crouch to enter. The cell itself was so cluttered with sweaty clothes, dirty blankets, and old papers that there was room enough for only one prisoner to move about at a time. Conditions throughout the penitentiary

were equally bad. 'If anyone is rehabilitated here,' the warden commented, 'it is entirely by accident.'

That state is now building another institution to take the population pressure off the old penitentiary. But it has no plans for scrapping it and substituting more adequate facilities for a modern rehabilitation program. Apparently prisons are destined to be used forever. More than a hundred prisons still in operation today were built before Grant took Richmond. When Grant entered Richmond he found there a prison still in use today which was opened in 1797. The following year, 1798, New Jersey opened its Trenton prison, now standing as a disgrace to American penology and periodically erupting in violence, bloodshed and escape plots.

The old prisons cannot even be crowded out by burgeoning urbanism. Built in 1811, a day when space and traffic presented no problems, the Maryland Prison stagnates yet in the heart of Baltimore. The Ohio penitentiary, opened in 1834, is a civic eyesore in downtown Columbus.

In 1956 I had heartfelt hopes that an era of infamy in American penology had closed. A New Jersey Governor had the funds to replace the Trenton penitentiary which had long shamed the consciences of professional penologists. An effort is to be made to patch it up, so I am told, and worry along with it under the delusion it can be modernized.

These long outworn prisons are given a seeming perpetual lease on life because of the dramatic rise in the national prisoner population since World War II. Penal administrators must seek out every available facility, no matter how old or inadequate, to house their increasingly numerous charges.

The prisoners in Federal institutions have increased by 35% during the post-war period. New York and Ohio have experienced a similar increase. In Texas the prisoner population has nearly tripled. In California the number of prisoners has gone up from 7,363 in 1946 to more than 22,000 in 1960. The state is now engaged in a frantic new construction and improvisation program to find accommodations for the men which now crowd its institutions nearly 6,000 over capacity.

Legislatures are slow to authorize funds for new institution construction, but the courts continue to send men to prison in an ever-engulfing stream. The administrator must find the space somehow. In our Atlanta

penitentiary eight and ten men are now occupying cells intended for four. The single cells each hold two men. Beds are strung closely together in dingy basement areas and prisoners still arrive.

Although the prison warden may find a place, however unsatisfactory, for the prisoners to sleep, the rest of the prison facilities fall hopelessly behind. Men stand in line at the toilets and wash-bowls. They go to the dining room in shifts; the dining room of the Atlanta penitentiary is in continuous use throughout the day. But the effects of overcrowding are even more destructive in terms of the prison's purpose in salvaging men. The class-rooms cannot accommodate all the men who need even basic education. The shops, industries, and maintenance work of an overcrowded prison cannot provide jobs for all.

Overcrowding means idleness, and in some prisons as many as fifty percent of the prisoners can only sit vacantly in their cells or mill aimlessly in the prison yard. What should be a time for preparation of a fresh start in life turns out instead to be a stultifying, soul-deadening interim. And yet the prison warden is told, when such men leave prison and return again to crime, "You failed to rehabilitate them!" The warden was never given a chance.

Most of the wardens I know are charged with running an overcrowded prison. And most of them are nervous men. They pace the floor in their offices. They order the steward to put more meat in the stew. They tour the prison daily, and concealing their anxiety, search the faces of the men.

With the aid of their skimpy staffs, they can only try to keep the lid on. But experience tells them it is only a matter of time. It is no accident that the decade of the 1950's has seen the most overcrowding in the history of American prisons; and also the most unrest, violence and disorder among American prisoners. In the first three years of the decade there were more destructive prison riots than in the previous fifty years. The unrest broke out again in 1959, raged for a time, and then subsided.

American prison systems are now trying desperately to construct enough new facilities to contain and treat the mounting prisoner populations. But the present rate of prison commitments suggests that the effort is not suf-

ficient. Prison populations continue to multiply faster than prison facilities. Despite a rise in the number of prisoners that should warrant the construction of a new institution annually, the Federal Prison System for example has been authorized only one new institution since 1940.

Until the public recognizes that more adequate institutional facilities are needed if the role of prisons in crime controls is to be fully realized, our wardens seem destined to remain nervous and sleepless for yet another decade. And perhaps yet another.

Ed's Note:

Next months piece by Mr. Bennett was to be on Capital Punishment. Since Montana has not utilized their capital punishment laws in the past 22 years and will in all probability outlaw it in the next few years we are going to omit this portion and go on to THE DEILEMMA of the PRISON ADMINISTRATION.

CONVICTS BARRED FROM UNION

Charlotte, N. C. (AP)

Prisoners permitted to work in a private welding supply firm in Charlotte, were excluded from a labor union approved for the firm's workers yesterday by the National Labor Relations Board.

Local No. 71 of the Independent Teamsters Union was found to be an appropriate bargaining agent for employees of National Welders Supply Co., Inc., affirming the findings of a Board hearing examiner. The Board ordered an election to determine whether the workers want the Local to represent them.

The Board noted that two prisoners, not named, work for the firm under North Carolina's rehabilitation program of work release. It excluded them from the Union unit because "there is an insufficient community of interest between the convicts and other employees."

(Via The Youth Center News)

foster parents

	NO	NAME
TO FOSTER PARENT	P.8988	Inmates Foster Parents Plan (Montana State Prison)
FROM FOSTER CHILD	G.661	KALAITZIDIS Stephen



April, 1964

Dear foster Parents,

Good day to you. I am in good health and I wish you also to be well. The month of april is my favourite because during it I can play outside as much and as long as I want. We are now awaiting with great joy the great Feast of Easter who makes us happy for two reasons: first because we will have 15 days of holiday to rest for a while and secondly because I will also take part in the various celebrations of Easter. Dear Parents, I received to day your beloved letter and I was glad to learn your news. The measurements you ask about my sister are the following: height: 1.50 meter - chest 0.84 meter - waist: 0.73 meter - hips: 0.97 weight: 44 kgs. You ask me if I like school? Yes, I like it much. You also ask me if I need any scholar help? Yes I would have liked to have a scholar bag. I received your april grant of 240drs (\$8.00) and one food parcel. I also received 225drs (\$7.50) as your gift. I thank you very much for everything. I wish you a happy Easter.

Your foster child,
Stephen KALAITZIDIS.

SJV/tk

foster parents

		NAME
TO FOSTER PARENT	No. F-8988	Inmates Foster Parents Plan (Montana State Prison)
FROM FOSTER CHILD	P-3396	Teresita M. Estacio



April 1964

Dear Foster Parents,

Thank you so much for the gracious aid you are extending to the family. We received last March the following: clothes, pail, basin and most of all, thank you for the amount of ₱75.00 (\$) and ₱31.10 (\$8.00). We will long remember all these valuable help as long as we live.

Truly, Teresita Estacio is thanking you so much, our dear Foster parents. At present, I'm enjoying my schooling. Our long vacation is in April 17. This coming school year, I'll be in the high school. I'm inspired in my studies, because of your kind assistance.

I fervently hope I can help my 3 younger siblings someday. May God bless us always. May you enjoy long life so as to continue your generous help to indigent persons.

Respectfully yours,

By: Estrella Estacio

/lbt

Ed's. Note: The money for another six month's care has been sent to PLAN. A receipt has been received showing our account paid to Nov. 1964. In August donations will again be solicited. Lets make it another big one.



COMPLEX CHARLIE

The Analyst Off The Wall

Dear Chuck:

Are there any corrective measures being taken to curb the population explosion various news medias are always discussing?

-- Con Casey

Dear Con:

The solution to the population explosion is being taken care of through the construction of more freeways ...and faster cars.

--Olds 88 Chuck

Dear Charlie:

How do you go about avoiding that feeling of confinement?

--Nick "Sleepy" Sidebottom

Dear Sleepy:

I'm not sure but you might ask Turkey Pete . He seems to have the answer.

--Close Custody Charlie

Dear Charlie:

Psychiatrists, Social Workers and students of Freud continue to expound the theory that no crime is committed without a motive. Can you tell me why a man would steal a train?

--Choo-Choo Hoskins

Dear Choo-Choo:

According to a reliable informant called Confucius, any man who swipes train has loco-motive.

--Off My Trolley Charlie

Dear Chuck:

Women's styles in dresses are something, aren't they? From strapless, to backless, to frontless. The accent seems to be on less. What next?

--Tony "Curious" De Armond

Dear Curious:

Helpless.

--Chuck

Dear Chas:

Do you think after shave lotion helps the complexion?

--Bill "Hawk-eye" McKernan

Dear Hawk-eye:

Definitely. I once drank three bottles of the stuff and immediately turned a beautiful shade of green.

--Aqua Velva Chas:

Dear Charlie:

I note on occasion that a small group of men get together like a bunch of jack-asses and start bragging about the various nefarious accomplishments that brought them here. There may be safety in numbers (no pun intended) but could you tell me if this jack-ass gathering is a form of prison togetherness?

-- Anonymous

Dear Nonny:

Let me answer you this way: The family who brays together stays together...usually in this place or somewhere similar.

-- Complex Charlie

PRIDE

AS TOLD TO

BILL CREPEAU



Authors Note:

The following information is recorded here exactly as it was told to me by a graduating inmate shortly after the ceremonies. The graduation was held on June 23rd in the school, honoring those men receiving grade school diplomas, high school diplomas, and G.E.D. certificates. It was the first time that formal commencement exercises were held for the graduating inmates. Mr. R.T. Nash, Director of Education, stated that this innovation could possibly become a semi-annual event.

The dignitaries in attendance were: Mr. Maynard Olson High School Supervisor, Department of Public Instruction Mr. Harlan Seljak, Principal and Superintendant, Powell County High School, Mrs. Ruth Longworth, Librarian,

Montana State Library Commission, Mr. Ed Ellsworth, Jr., Warden, Montana State Prison, Rev. John Rex, Chaplain, Montana State Prison, Mr. R. T. Nash, Director of Education, Montana State Prison, and Mr. B.C. Miles, Asst. Director of Education, Montana State Prison.



"It was an odd sensation that I felt as Mr. Nash addressed the group. Not that it was unusual to see him in front of the school; often he had spoken to the students. But tonight there were other people with him and he was saying, 'I want to welcome you to our graduation ceremonies. I'm happy to see that so many have come to honor those who are receiving diplomas.' That was me he was talking about; I'm in the graduating class!

"I never gave much thought to graduation when I dropped out of school, and after I was free from the drudgery it didn't matter. So what if some of my buddies had gotten their diplomas. What good was an old piece of paper? No, as I remember back then, school didn't matter and a lot of old men making speeches was a real drag. Once though, when I was in the county jail waiting to come down here a bunch of the gang was celebrating at the end of the school year and I sure wanted to be with them.

"Just what it was that made me enter school when I got here I'll never know. Some of the old hands said it was an easy go, but that wasn't it, and it didn't turn out

To be easy at all. At first I didn't figure that a guy could learn anything up here, what with inmates doing the teaching and all, but most of those teachers know their stuff, even if they are cons. There's the math teacher over there, the big guy with the beard. Why he taught me more about arithmetic in one week than I learned in all the time I went to school on the outside. And it's real funny how the history class worked. Harry over there by the door, was the instructor and it seems as if we never did much in class except joke around, but when the final exams came up I got a B in History and I had never even heard about any of those old time people and places before I came here.



"Chaplain Rex said a prayer at the start and in it he said something about using our knowledge with wisdom, I'm going to have to think about that because I'm not sure just what he meant. It was easy enough to understand Mrs. Longworth though; she is from the state library in Missoula and is real good about sending books down here for us. She said that any time any of us wanted anything from the library to be sure to let her know. Even though I'm done with school now I can still get books from her and there is a lot of good reading at her library.

"Next, when the warden was talking, I wasn't listening too much because I was thinking how nice it would be to have my wife and family here to see me graduate. Then he said something that stuck, 70% of the 17 year old school drop outs get into trouble, and by God, no kids of mine are going to be quitters!

"Mr. Nash got back up after the warden was done and said that Mr. Miles would give the grade school diplomas out. Then Mr. Miles came up to the stand looking all serious and said, "Don't pay any attention to the cross on the front of this podium. We came to praise you, not to bury you." He went on to say that it wasn't easy to admit that we weren't as smart as others and to go to school in here. You can say that again, sometimes I got a terrible ragging from the guys around here. Then he was handing out the diplomas to the grade school students and I know them all. I was wondering how it felt to walk in front of that group to get a diploma as they went up there one by one, got congratulated by Mr. Miles and received a big hand from the audience. They called the names out: Aubyn Adcock, Arnold Braun, Darrell Jackson, Thomas Layne, Fred Marchand, Robert Syphert, Josef Warf, and Dennis White, and while they called the names out I wondered.

"Next a man got up. I can't remember his name. (Harlan Seljak) Anyhow he is the Principal of the downtown high school and he gave out the high school diplomas. He talked about the school a bit and then started talking to those of us that were graduating. Of all that he said, the very best was when he told us that we had opened the road for those that would follow. You know, it gives you a good feeling to know that you helped some poor guy you have never seen. That man won't know me or what I did here, and I won't know his name, but I'll know that he is here and just by going through school and helping to get it established that I have given him a hand.

"Then he (Mr. Seljak) started calling names and my buddies were getting up all around me, and I watched them and wondered: Wilson Guardipee, John Gunderson, David Hopkins, Earl Jones, Carl Moody, John Standing Chief, Frank Williams.

"Then came the big part. A Mr. Maynard Olson didn't waste any time getting down to the business at hand, oh he paused to tell us that we had done a fine job and all

that but I was really counting the moments. In just a few seconds I would no longer be by myself in the knowledge that I was educated, as soon as I was handed the G.E.D. Certificate. (General Education Development, a test series which proves a man's education is equivalent to that of a high school graduate. A G.E.D. Certificate is honored as a diploma by most colleges.) My education would be public information and I would have proof that my school days were complete. And the wondering started again, he would call the names but what would it be like to get the diploma? Larry Cheadle, George Doxstater, Vern Hoffhine, James Ironbear, James La Fleur, Theo Lawrence, Thomas Layne, Kenneth Matteucci, Stimpson McCollaum, Marion Waddell, Lawrence Walker.

"Then the wondering was over. My chest puffed out like a baloon and I knew what it felt like to be a graduate. It feels great!"

PROFESSOR INSTRUCTS MSP SCHOOL STAFF

By K. L. Moran

A four hour training session for the M.S.P. inmate teaching staff was conducted June 3rd, by Professor Ralph Kench of Montana State College. Professor Kench heads the Industrial Arts Department at the Bozeman college and has had over twenty years experience in teaching laymen on the art of instructing.

His method of instruction was both interesting and enlightening; and should prove to be highly beneficial to the M.S.P. teachers and students alike. His clear-cut, practical approach to the problems of teaching made a lasting impression upon the entire group. Although the program was educational in scope, the Professor's genial wit and humor spiced the session throughout.

While pointing out some of the benefits inmate students may receive upon returning to the "free-world", Professor Kench mentioned that a recent Attorney General's opinion stated that ex-convicts, who meet standard requirements, will be allowed to teach in Montana schools.

This in itself is good news to several men, and is another step in the right direction towards acceptance of the idea that convicts can become respectable and valuable citizens upon their return to society.

The inmate teaching staff was very enthusiastic in their reception to the program and wish to express their appreciation to Professor Kench, and to Mr. Nash and Mr. Miles, who arranged it.

BUD WRITES HOME



Hi folks;

Hows everything at home going now that Joey is a straight A student? Is his hat size still 6 and 7/8? I'm real proud of him.

I've made another trip with the band recently. We went to Helena to the Veterans Hospital. There were 22 of us that went over not counting Turkey Pete and the six officers who accompanied us.

Although the audience we played to was a small one it was a very enthusiastic one. Even with all our difficulties with the mikes and hook-ups it didn't come off too badly. The amplifiers have been giving us trouble for quite a while but they were at their worst that day.

When we arrived at Fort Harrison the first thing I noticed was the new building over there. Its a beautiful brick job and really improves the place a lot.

After the instruments were unpacked and we were almost ready to start playing Noel Williams started running around asking everyone, "Where's my clarinet?" It of course was still back at the theater. Somehow it had been overlooked in the packing. He moaned the blues for a while but did a real good job on the alto sax.

The Main Band started the show with Mood Indigo and ABC Boogie. Soapy McFarland, Vance Short, Noel Williams, Paul Springer, Bob Carlson, and John Kopp, compose this group and they really started out swinging. The next bunch of songs were done by the Western Band; Vern Boe, Seab Vinson, Bruce Noller, Fred Lawrey and Ed Knight. It was here that the amps started acting up. Vince did his numbers over later in the show and they came out

like he was a pro. Ollie Olsen, the fiddler was the one who won the audience though, especially the older folks.

Three of the best musicians we've had in here are Noel Williams, Garth Reynolds and Soapy McFarland. They have a little combo with Bruce Noller, who plays a whole lot of bass, and Bob Carlson on Guitar. Carlson also plays the accordion with the Western Band. Soapy who is pretty much of an all around musician, plays drums, bass, and a lot of saxophone really set them to tapping their toes to "Never on Sunday" and "Tequila".

I think you folks would really like the band for they play mainly the old traditional standards. Songs like Star Dust, Filipino Rose, Tea for Two, Misty, Five Foot Two, and Dad's favorite, John Henry. Just so they don't become too dated they do a few numbers like Foolish Questions, Never on Sunday and I couldn't Keep From Crying.

After the program we had coffee, cake and ice cream compliments of the Helena Navy Mothers Club. They also gave each of us a pack of cigarettes.

On the way back Dave Kuykendall was the butt of much banter and ragging. It was his last trip with the band for he went home a couple of days later. You'll remember I told you about his fear of heights and driving before. On the east side of MacDonald Pass he went as white as the paper this is written on and that's not easy for Dave, believe me.

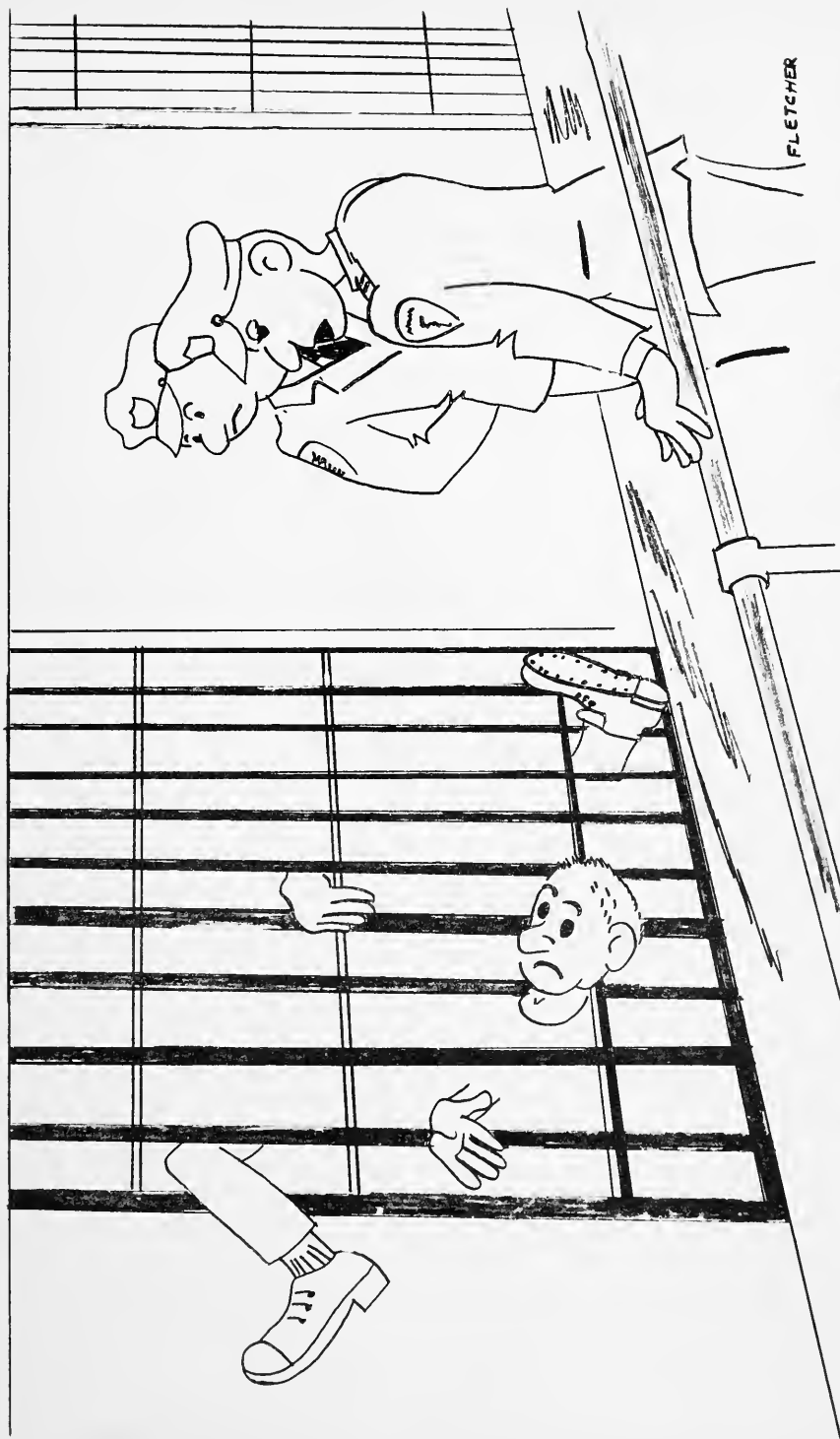
I almost forgot to mention the skits by Harold Rusk and Emmanuel Pena. These two guys are really a kick. They never fail to please an audience with their gags and corny puns. I think they must stay awake nights dreaming those gags up.

While most of us were chowing down some of the band continued with the entertainment. I saw Vance Short get up from his plate and go over to thump the bass awhile. As it was getting late I wondered whether he was going to have time to finish eating. Small worry. He finished his plate full of cupcakes, ice cream and coffee. It was his third go around.

Les Shields did a trumpet solo with Stardust that was really good, I think he surprised even himself.

It's time for me to return to my mad, mad world, so until next month,

Love from,
Bud



"Fooling with the doors again, eh Birdwell?"

Progress Parade

L. Daddow



Due to the expansion of the Industries program, the old Compound Dormitory building has been secured by Industries for the necessary additional space.

This building has been completely refinished and new walls have been erected to enclose the building area. A number of new supply and store rooms have been built by the Construction Crews to store the supplies of the Upholstry, Woodfinishing, Mattress and Shoe Shops, all of which are located in this Industries #2 building.

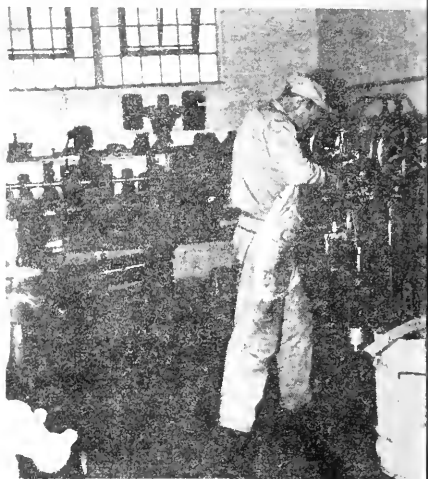
The building provides much more working area per man and more men are employed now than was possible in the old Industries #1 building.



One of the more progressive rehabilitative projects being carried out by Industries is the furniture and woodfinishing program.

When an item is received for repair and refinishing, it is completely stripped and dismantled. The Upholstry men will strip upholstery from the item. Next, the woodfinishing men will tighten and replace all broken wood and completely recondition it. They remove all old paint or varnish, then sand and reassemble it. It is now sent to the spray booth where it receives the wood filler, wood sealer, primer coats, varnish or lacquer and the final rub down. Each item receives at least 7 finish coats. The item is next sent to the Upholstry shop where it is upholstered completely with new materials and prepared for delivery.



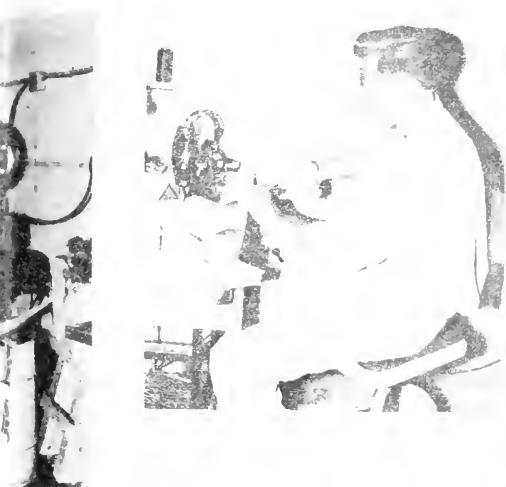


The men of this department
their work by the State Department
ifies the fact that the men
this trade and become better
upon release from the institution.

All working areas in this
that they can be supervised
Joseph Stark is the officer
industries #2 at this time and
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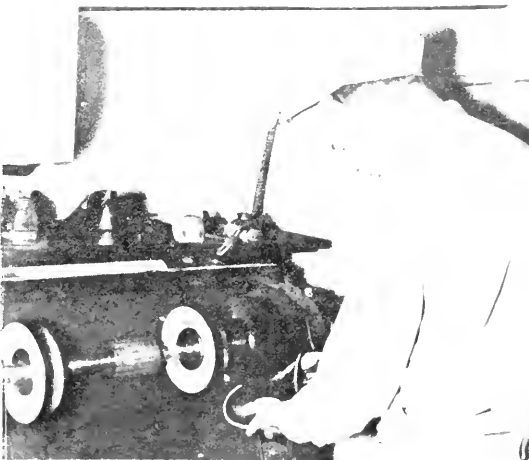
This expansion in the Industries
completed through the efforts of the
tries Manager, with a large
co-operation of the Construction
ments.





ment have been commended on
departments in Helena and ver-
of this department can learn
qualified to secure a job
tution.

new building are so arranged
from one control point. Mr.
supervising all shops in In-
d is to be commended for the
discipline that he maintains.
stries Program has been ac-
ts of Mr. Gene Daley, Indus-
vote of thanks for the fine
tion and Engineering depart-



THE GAG BAG



Movie star Victor Mature, famous for his many Biblical roles on the screen, was approached by a sweet young thing who said, "Mr. Mature, I saw you in Samson and Delilah, in Demetrius and the Gladiator, In Androcles and the Lion, and in the Robe. Now I would like to ask you a question---are you a religious fanatic or something?"

The prisoner stood in front of the same judge who had sentenced him two weeks before.

"I gave you a suspended sentence last time, because you told me you were trying out for a job," said the judge.

"Y-y-yes, y-y-your H-honor," stuttered the defendant.
"B-B-but I-I d-d-didn't g-g-get it."

"What kind of a job was it?" the judge asked.

"R-r-radio a-a-announcer," the man answered.

"I suppose you know why you did not get the job," the judge asked, slightly amused.

"Y-y-yes sir. T-t-they m-m-must have f-f-found o-out about m-m-my r-r-record."

Back in the 1880's, when prisoners wore stripes, a con escaped from Deer Lodge and immediately headed for the nearest saloon to quench his thirst. He bellied up to the bar but the apron kept ignoring him. Finally reaching the end of his patience the escapee reached across the bar, collared the bartender and snarled, "What's the matter, creep? Don't you serve men in uniform in this crummy joint?"

Card playing can be expensive. But so can any game where you hold hands.

At a conference on education, a vote-conscious state senator boomed out from the speaker's platform, "Long live our teachers!"

From the back of the hall came the query, "On what?"

Two men were discussing automobiles. "Yes, sir," said one, "I believe the most economical program is to trade every two years. That's what I've always done. And do you know," he continued proudly, "I haven't missed a payment in 17 years."

Clancy the cop was making his usual nightly rounds through the dimly lighted park when he caught movement in the shadows where a park bench had been placed for daytime patrons. Taking his flashlight from his pocket, Clancy moved in on the huddled shadows and when he came close enough he threw the beam at the bench and discovered a man and a woman embracing.

"Sure an' what is it you're doing?" Clancy demanded to know of the ardent swain.

"K-k-kissing m-m-my w-w-wife, officer," stammered the Lothario.

"Ay, 'tis sorry I am," Clancy said contritely, "for I did not know the lady to be your wife."

"N-n-neither d-d-did I...until you turned that flashlight on."

The stingy farmer was scorning the hired man for carrying a lighted lantern when he was preparing to court his girl friend. "When I was hounge I never carried no light when I went a courtin'."

"I know it," replied the hired man, "and look what you got."

The district attorney was questioning the prisoner.

"I understand," he said, "that for years you have terrorized your wife and kept her in complete servitude. Is that true?"

"Well, sir," the prisoner began, "it's like this..."

"Never mind apologizing," said the D.A. "Just tell me how you do it!"



W. Weinberger

So far this season there have been only three free world teams playing inside the institution.

These three, Helena's Main Tavern, Butte's Muzz & Stan's and Deer Lodge, have all gone home winners. The Helena and Butte teams played the inside "A" team. Deer Lodge played the inside "B".

Rothe Hall has played inside six times this year. The RH "A" team has yet to lose to the inside. They are winners on three. The RH "B" team has a one game edge on the inside "B" team. They came back to win two after losing the first in a ten inning game.

Here is a brief summary of these games:

MAIN TAVERN CLIPS MSP

MSP's inside "A" team lost a real close soft-ball game to the Capitol City's league leading Main Tavern. Both teams scored two runs in the first. The inside took a two run lead in the second. Then Platts of the Helena team hit a homer with Flatow aboard to tie the score. Helena scored three runs in the fifth on third baseman Alton's error, a single and a walk. Kelly hit a double driving in two to put Helena ahead seven to six. In the sixth the inside scored two runs to take the lead. In the seventh Helena banged in three more and heald the lead to win by a final score of 10-9.

Doc Berg and Ron Hoffman each hit two run homers. Doc's came in the second and Hoffman cracked his in the third. Herman Cardinal added one in the seventh. Winning pitcher was Kelly from Helena. Wellman chalked up another loss.

MUZZ & STAN'S (Butte) SLAMS DOOR ON MSP

Muzz & Stan's of Butte closed the door and kept it shut on MSP's "A" team. They blanked them out. Vern Hoffhine was the loser. He went the full seven for MSP.

Starr started for Butte and pitched four shut-out innings. Watts came on as relief in the fifth and continued the shut-out. May hit a two run homer for Butte in the fifth. Final Score 4-0.

ROTHE HALL "B" WINS

On June 5th the "B" team lost a game to the RH "B" team. Rothe Hall took it with a score of 9-7. Aimsback and Casey both pitched the full game. Aimsback winning for RH and Casey losing.

Aimsback, Hamilton and Fox all homered for Rothe Hall. Lane hit a homer for the inside.

DEER LODGE WINS

Deer Lodge played the inside "B" team and walked away with the win. MSP scored one run to Deer Lodge's three in the first inning. The inside took a seven run lead going into the bottom of the seventh. In the seventh six walks and a couple of errors tied the score 9-9. Kendrick hit a sacrifice to center field driving in the winning run. Final score 10-9.

Larson homered for the inside and Pomeroy hit one for Deer Lodge.

Luce was winning pitcher. Casey was charged with the loss.

ROTHE HALL "A" BESTS INSIDE "A"

The RH "A" team continued their mastery over the inside "A" team by downing them 10-7.

Wilson, smallest man on the inside team, smacked a home run for the inside in the fourth inning. Tucker hit a two run homer for RH in the seventh.

Vern Hoffhine started for the inside but gave way in the fifth and was charged with the loss.

Big "Sy" Jones was RH starter. He was relieved in the fifth by Aimsback.

The inside "A" team has yet to beat an outside team.

Their present record for games against the outside and Rothe Hall now stands at No Wins - 6 Losses. The "B" team is 1 for 4.

The Shop Softball League has been moving along at a pretty good clip. At this writing each team has played ten games. At present the tag plant is leading with a seven to three record.

Team standings are as follows:

<u>TEAM</u>	<u>WINS</u>	<u>LOSSES</u>
Tag Plant	7	3
School #2	6	4
School #1	6	4
Kitchen	6	4
Garment Shop	3	7
Band	2	8

PROGRESS COMES SLOW BUT SURE

Augusta, Maine (AP)

A time-hallowed work in jails - "making little ones out of big ones" - may disappear from the Maine scene.

Governor John H. Reed signed into law Wednesday a bill making it permissive, rather than mandatory, for jails to have rock piles.

The bill was passed at the current special legislative session primarily for the benefit of Cumberland County, which is building a new jail in Portland and didn't want to spend additional money for anything so old-fashioned as a rock quarry.

(Via the Angolite)

TWO WEEKS LEAVE FOR CONVICTS

A bill is before the Congress containing provision that would confer upon Federal prisoners the privilege of visiting designated places for purposes which would facilitate their rehabilitation.

The aim of the legislation is to enable inmates to visit prospective employers, to obtain medical and surgical services, attend to any critical family problems, and to transact other legitimate business not inconsistent with the public interest.

(Via ABOUT FACE)

HOMES FOR

THE

HOMELESS



I am a man in the twilight of life and I am taking this opportunity to appeal to the people of Montana for a Half-way house for the men who are given paroles from the prison and who have no place to call home.

Many of these young men are products of broken homes or were brought up under such circumstances that they hadn't the opportunity to acquire even a grade school education.

These things I know, for I have the privilege of seeing and talking with every man who comes to the prison. I see them from the day they are placed on the receiving galley until they are assigned a job. I only wish every responsible citizen of Montana had the same opportunity to talk to these young men that I have had. Not about their cases, but about their families and their lives in general; or walk into the mess hall at meal time and see the young faces I see every day. I don't think you would hesitate to put pressure on every state official you came across for a rehabilitation program that is solid.

Many of these men are taking advantage of the school here, which provides grades through High School. Others work in the shops; still others work outside the walls at the ranches and at Rothe Hall. Each man tries to solve his problem one way or another. Many attend the church of their choice or other programs such as the Toastmasters, Alcoholics Anonymous, the Jaycees, Bible Study and Brotherhood. But these are not the final answer to the problem.

The problem is: How are these young men going to be accepted by society upon release? Sure they have a job, but they are alone and afraid, for they have been cast into a strange world. They feel much as you would if suddenly cast into the middle of an African Jungle. These men have become completely institutionalized. They have lived among a male population so long, and have been told what they can do and cannot do so many months, they do not know how to conduct themselves without making mistakes. I am sure the greatest percentage of these men want to become assets to the community. They want a wife and family, a home and an honest job. They want the chance to provide their sons and daughters with a good education and with opportunities they never had.

Prisoners today are striving to sign an armistice with society, and a permanent peace between the parolee and the public. Just as a conquered nation wishes to pay for its atrocities and seeks the help of the conqueror to rebuild and conform with the rest of the world, so prisoners today are asking to be readmitted to a society from which they have been exempted for too many years.

Do you know that the price you pay for law enforcement in the U.S.A. is 22 billion dollars annually? 2 billion more than is spent on education and 4 billion more than is spent on welfare. At the same time that I sit here writing this it costs you over \$2100. a year to keep me here.

This is an old prison, A prison where the teenager, old men, hardened criminals and sex cases of every description are all mixed together. There seems to be no way to correct this; at least until the public makes money available for new and modern programs.

One suggestion would be to set up trade schools where a young man could learn a modern trade so he could get a satisfactory job when he was paroled. The next step and the largest, would be the establishing of a Half-way house. This would be a place for men to call home. At least seven other states now have Half-way houses. They are: Missouri, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Iowa, Minnesota and California.

These places are generally sponsored by groups such as the Jaycees, Clergymen and other civic minded individuals and organizations. Most of them are non-profit, self supporting institutions, set up through donations by the public.

The Half-way house gives every man a chance to seek his own job and ease back into society without fear. The success of these establishments in other states has been very high. Of the hundreds of men who have been paroled to these places few have violated the public trust by returning to prison again. They have, through the public's help, found themselves and accepted their responsibilities as useful citizens.

Montana needs a Half-way house. The cost is low, \$25,000.00 would provide a more than adequate beginning. The men living in these homes help with whatever work there is to do to keep it up and support it.

The population of the Montana Half-way house should be small. A problem now is what city or cities in Montana will accept it, and who will sponsor such a program. We are asking you, the leaders of this state and the citizens, to get behind this project and push. The men who are paroled to these Half-way houses will not disappoint you, for the vast majority who will make good will prove to even the severest critic, the feasibility of this program. Your investment of time, money or support will be one of the best you have ever made.

"BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ" LEAVES WILL TO IMPROVE PRISONS.

Iowa (PP) Robert Stroud the "Birdman of Alcatraz" who gained world wide fame through his studies and writings about our feathered friends during his years spent as a federal prisoner has left an interesting will.

Stroud, who died in prison last November 21 at the age of 73, stated in his will that today's prisons are a disgrace and asked that the funds that are available from his estate be used to design better and more efficient prisons. His estate consists largely of royalties from stories and articles about him.

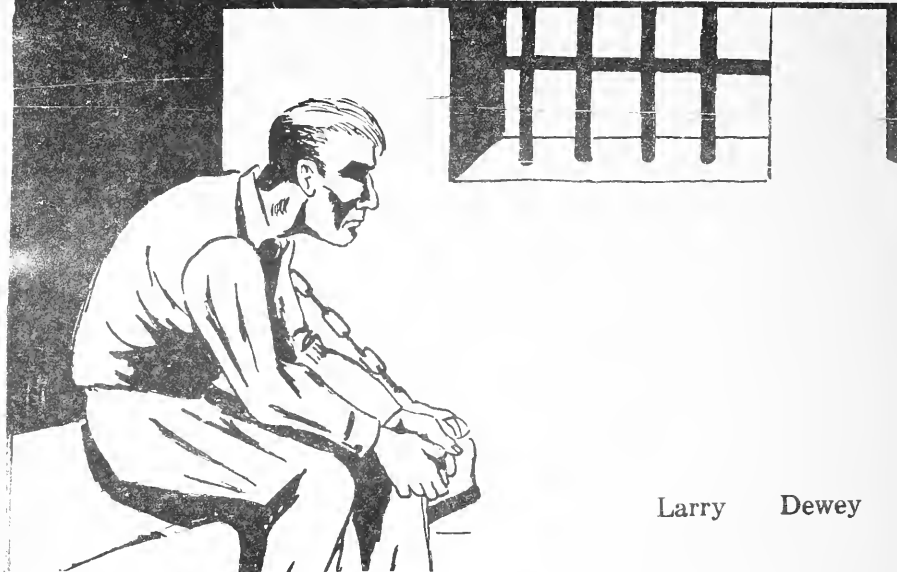
In his will he stated, "It is not my nature to hate people, but to like them if they will let me and are willing to accept me as I am, and never in my life have I hated so much that I was unable to forgive and forget.

(Via the COLONY)

Laws and institutions are constantly tending to gravitate. Like clocks, they must be occasionally cleansed, and wound up, and set to true time.

Henry Ward Beecher -- Life Thoughts

WILL IT WORK HERE?



Larry Dewey

In 1961, a devout Roman Catholic priest and a prominent Jewish lawyer, started a project which promises to revolutionize prison parole procedure all over North America. Father Charles Dismas Clark, now deceased, and Mr. Morris A Shenker asked themselves the question as to why men so often return to prison from parole; but even more important, they asked themselves, "What is our responsibility to the men released on parole? Will we allow them to drift helplessly back into new crimes or will we integrate them into society as good citizens?"

Dismas House of Missouri is, today, one of the most famous projects in the United States. Made known largely through a movie, "The Hoodlum Priest," this Half-way House has already helped over 1,600 men. That it is a success is revealed when we consider that of all of the men paroled to Dismas House, only five have returned to prison and none of them for crimes of violence. (Information as of December 1963.)

Dismas House has piloted the way. Since its conception, other Half-way Houses have come into existence and others are being planned for. Brother De Paul started a Half-way House in Minnesota (the seventh in the country) just last September. Connecticut is moving speedily ahead to establish such a "home". Massachusetts has recently included the distaff side by remodeling a three story mansion in Dorchester for its women parolees. Other states are following their lead.

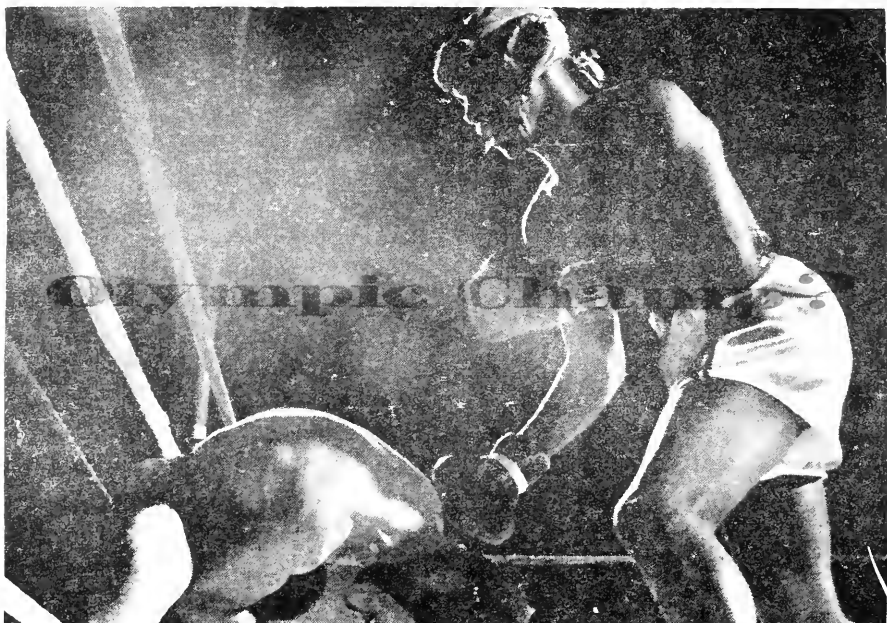
By now, some of you are wondering: "Who wants a Half-way House and ex-convicts running all over town?" The answer may startle you. Minnesota's Senator Hubert Humphrey says, "I want to say, frankly, that it is an impressive indication of your understanding and determination to see someone in prison doing such thoughtful things. I am sharing your letter and memorandum with Robert Burnett who is the Executive Secretary of the Congress. I am sure he will give serious consideration to your proposal." Senator Lee Metcalf said, "Your proposals (about half-way houses) certainly have merit and I urge you to forward your suggestions to the Fort Peck Tribal Council. I would certainly support such a program as you suggest." Congressman James F. Battin said, "The question of rehabilitation is one that has been of great interest to me and one which I believe has a great deal of merit."

These answers were in response to Joseph Eder's queries about a Half-way House for Montana Indians.

The reasons for Half-way houses are two-fold: (1) They provide help to men that have been imprisoned, so that they may gradually adjust themselves to freedom and its responsibilities. This is important because some of the men do become at least partially institutionalized while in prison and experience shows that the first few months are the most difficult for released prisoners, with a high rate of return during this period of time. (2) The Half-way House gives the ex-convict a place to stay so that he "doesn't have to run all over town." It provides a home for the people who cannot be paroled because they have no jobs or home to go to. The laws of almost every state demand one or the other of these conditions be fulfilled.

The Half-way House is, admittedly, a new approach. The program would be the first of its kind in this state, and the first of its kind in the nation if one were established on an Indian Reservation. Such a project would be of value to public and parolee alike.

Joseph Eder deserves a lot of credit for the letters he has written and the interest he has aroused in this project. He has contacted everyone from his tribal representatives to several U.S. Senators. It is to be hoped it won't stop there, that the public will now provide the necessary funds and impetus to make the proposed project a reality.



Willie "Boy" Weinberger

Boxing fans probably recall the fight card held here March 14th. Particulary a very talented boy from the Spokane Boxing Club named Toby Gibson who fought Johnny Bradford of MSP.

If you happen to see John strutting around and bragging about his boxing abilities, let him brag. I'd say he has something to brag about in dropping a close, but unanimous, decision to Toby Gibson. Considering the titles Toby holds, and the fine boxing record he is building, just getting into the ring with him sounds like a large project.

Toby has had seventy eight fights. Seventy four wins, four losses. Of the seventy four wins fifty four have come viz the knock out route.

Sports Illustrated stated that Toby had a knock out streak going and had he knocked out an Indian boy from Montana State Orison, he would have had fifteen straight KO's. One professional boxing manager, quoted in Sports Illustrated, called Toby "The best prospect since Joe Louis." Toby says he won't turn pro though.

Among the titles Toby holds are the following:

1. OREGON STATE GOLDEN GLOVES
2. WASHINGTON STATE GOLDEN GLOVES

He beat a two time National Golden Gloves Champ prior to his fight with John here. After meeting John he went on to take:

1. PACIFIC NORTHWEST AAU MIDDLE WEIGHT TITLE
2. JUNIOR NATIONAL AAU LIGHT-MIDDLE WEIGHT TITLE
3. SENIOR NATIONAL AAU LIGHT-MIDDLE WEIGHT TITLE
4. WESTERN OLYMPIC TRYOUTS HELD IN SANFRANCISCO,CAL.
5. EASTERN OLYMPIC TRYOUTS HELD IN NEW YORK CITY

I might add that Toby took all these titles in one year. With the exception of the Olympic Title.

Toby will represent the United States in the Light-Middle Weight Division in the Olympics later this summer.

With his fine boxing abilities and punching power, I'd say Toby is sure to be a Gold Medal winner.

After reading about the fine boxing record that Toby has compiled, I'd say John Bradford deserves congratulations for a real fine, close fight. The judges scored the fight 60-57, 58-56 and 59-58 in Toby's favor.

It should be remembered that Toby has faced the best amateur boxers, not just in Washington, Oregon and Montana, but the best in the United States. He knocked them out - our man stayed up and fought a close fight.

CONGRATULATIONS JOHN! AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU TOBY IN THE OLYMPICS.

Someday when you're feeling important
 Someday when your ego's in bloom
 Someday when you have the feeling
 You're the most important man in the room.
 Take a bucket and fill it with watter,
 Stick your hand in it, up to the wrist,
 Pull it out, and the hole that remains,
 Is a measure of how much you'll be missed.
 You may splash all you wish when you enter,
 Stir the water around galore,
 But you'll find when finally you leave it
 It's exactly the same as before.
 So as you follow your daily agenda
 Always do the best that you can
 Be proud of yourself - but remember,
 There is no indispensable man.

Submitted by Bureau of C.I.&I.

Muscle men



M. Mattucci

I don't know if this phase of recreation has ever been covered before or not. But, one thing I do know is that most of the inmates do not take an interest in it. This is shown by the fact that there are about twenty steady weight lifters inside, out of a population of about four hundred.

Of the twenty there are some extremely strong, well developed and promising weight lifters.

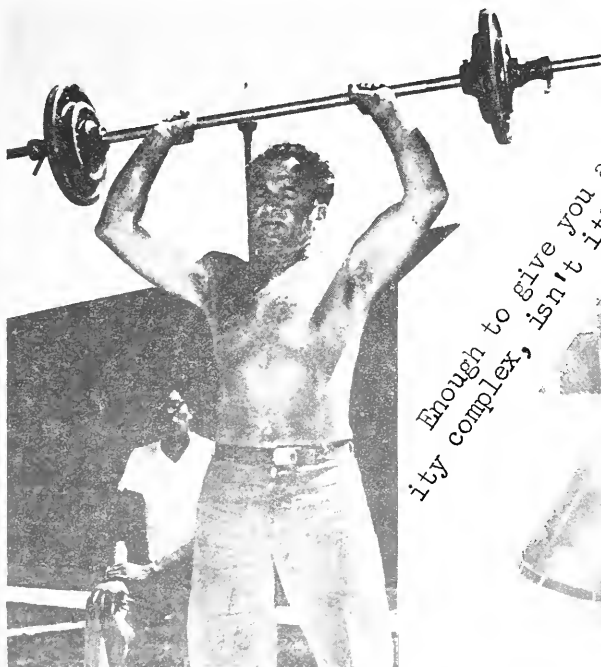
Speaking of the extremely strong, we have a good example in Reg Sabol, who is no doubt the strongest weight lifter in the institution. Just to give you an idea of his enormous strength, here are some of the exercises he performs and the weights he performs them with:

Full bench press, repetitions with 300 lbs.

One arm curls, repetitions with 100 lbs.

Incline presses, repetitions with 250 lbs.

In the well developed line we have Bob Eamon, he has been lifting for the past year in order to increase his size rather than strength. He's been working with weights ranging from 190 lbs. doing bench presses, to 90 lbs. doing curls. I am sure you will notice the increase in his size now that the weather is warmer and most of the lifters are working without shirts.



Fifty year old Buster Morran (above) shows the youngun's a Military Press.

Enough to give you an inferiority complex, isn't it?



(Right)

Lyle Ostwald doing Curls for photographers enlightenment.

We also have some lifters who show signs of promising improvement. There are quite a few, so I will take those that I am most familiar with.

The first one is B. Gallagher, who started lifting weights inside about two years ago. He has made steady improvement since. At the present time he is concentrating mostly on bench pressing, in which his high, doing

full bench presses, is 285 lbs.; and doing short repetitions, is about 470 lbs.; and military presses, 230 lbs.

Red Syphert, one of the new lifters, has been lifting since January. Red now bench presses 280 lbs., and military presses 180 lbs. This is quite an improvement when compared to the weights he lifted in January, about 150 lbs and 140 lbs. respectively.

The weight lifters feel themselves to be handicapped by a time shortage and a lack of equipment. This can be found in every department and in every sport. When the equipment is compared to the old cement weights that the men used to have to work with they agree it could be worse.

An outside - inside competition is being planned for some time this summer and all the men are working doubly hard for this event.

THANKSGIVING PRAYER

By an eight year old Pueblo Indian Boy.

I thank Thee for the birds and the Butterflies and the Dogs and Cats and flowers and gift of life. And friends and music and the world and sun and rain. And that we live in america. and for the Deers and muscrats, bears beavers and blue jays. i Thank Thee for our freedom and church and our beavers and schools. for food and clothing. and books and our homes. Dark and light moon and stars. I thank Thee for the grass, and green. and snow and for parents and museums. and for the rocks and sulphur and quartz mica and minerals. and feathers of blue red yellow and squirrels.

Thank Thee for trees of every kind orange Trees and mapl and oaks red oaks and red Maples and Silver mapls. I thank Thee for the morning and the universe. and for cars. and for beautiful pictures and good health, and for horses, and cows. and for scenery and mountains and snow caps. and hills covered with wild flowers and for doctors and nurses and hospitals. Amen

(Ed's Note) This prayer made its way from a very small, very disturbed young patient at the Menninger Clinic. It traveled from a nurse working with the boy, to a social worker and hence to the prison and the M. P. News. As you can see the patient is doing fine.



moved through the yard incognito to pick up the following choice bits of gossip and other newsy tidbits of scandal: NOEL (Sax) WILLIAMS looking for a time cut, while the Shadder would settle for a razor blade that would do the same to his ol' whiskers....

The morning after the May-June issue of the M.P. News rocked the population with its explosive article entitled SEX author BILL CREPEAU yawned up to the dining room serving line with his breakfast tray for his usual fare of French toast. Cook MIKE O'ROURKE recognized the bearded scribe of the aforementioned literary effort, remembered a line or two of it that dealt with the food of which we fortunate ones partake and casually drawled, "Better take four slices of that Rehabilitation, chum."VERN (Ho) BOE spends so much time studying law rumor goes that he is contemplating the filing of an application to the Bar Association for membership as a bona fide ambulance chaser....BOB (Sanka) JONES supplying the sound effects for coffee time during the recent Grade and High School graduation ceremonies held at the school for students who wore their mortar boards at a slightly proud but equally rakish angle.....CONRAD (Strike-out) CASEY dying on the mound as his pallbearers "walked" around him...FRED MARCHAND turning his school books into a punching bag by learning the three R's: Readin', Ritin' and Rheumatiz....WEE WALTER WELLMAN showing KEITH (No Ball) MORAN the finer points of the game. If WELLMAN EVER DECIDES TO RETIRE FROM PITCHING SOFTBALL, HE COULD POSSIBLY DONATE HIS PITCHING ARM TO THE GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY TO BE MELTED DOWN FOR THE RECAPPING OF TIRES.... Maneuverable DOC BERG throwing the Medicare program back another fifty years by returning as a member of the hospital staff....PAUL (Short Circuit) COR telling Editor ZOEL (He=Who=Sleeps=Too=Much) SNOW over a bowl of corn flakes, "I didn't recognize you with your eyes open." JOE (Serutan) LUCAS paying closer attention to those "for people after 35" commercials.

ye ende

They Went That-a-way



by

Joe Lucas

Many unenlightened people place the blame squarely on the shoulders of Horace Greeley for saying, "Go West, young man, go West." Personally, I believe the kook who uttered this trite maxim was residing in the Baghdad-on-the-Subway when kicked in the cranium by the hoof of Pegasus. Too, he could well have been an eager beaver realty salesman with his eye on a future suburbia to eliminate traffic congestion on Broadway or the Avenue of the Americas. However the phrase came to be coined, the fact remains that the hombre who opened his voice box didn't know what he was talking about. Nor did the Ned Buntlines who ground out reams of exaggerated garbage about the sagebrush and the cacti, during their successful propaganda campaign to create a mass exodus by urging the lowly tenderfoot to head thataway. For

those who are not the least bit familiar with the facts, the West was a place where men were men...and smelled like horses.

It is no secret that during the rawhide years many men died with their boots on. After wearing the same socks for weeks at a time, you didn't dare remove the cotton-picking things. Perhaps this might explain why so many pioneers were called 'strong.'

Cattlemen, nesters, squatters, sodbusters--history refers to this rugged breed who went thataway by various names. Some of these quaint appellations have become corrupt with usage over the years, but there is one that meant the same thing then as it does today. This one concerns the hombre who brought the woolies into the West and immediately earned himself a most unusual sobriquet. It is quite obvious to this scribe that the mutton rancher was no stranger to his neighbors, for wherever he appeared he was always hailed by his name, "Stinkin' Shepherder!"

The Old West was a land of many adventures. History records many hair-raising tales of men who went up against the Indian, and history also records many hair-lifting tales of men who shouldn't have gone up against the Indian.

Heroes, cowards and other ordinary bowlegged humans forged their way across the untamed frontier, spurred on by dreams of gold, cattle kingdoms, or by the necessity to elude capture by the posse behind them.

It is written that sometimes a man traveled on his stomach, probably because he couldn't stand his wife's cooking. The pioneer usually took his woman along with him wherever he went, this being easier than kissing her adios. Think I'm kidding? Have you ever seen pictures of Belle Starr or Calamity Jane? If you have, this should explain why cowboys always went around smooching their horses.

All sorts of people went thataway. Swedes, Finns, Norwegians, Italian, Germans, Irish and the Oriental. Chinese labor was the cheapest, and a lot of it was used. In the State of Washington there is a railroad trestle that still stands as a monument to the chinese coolies who helped erect it. Not only did the lowly coolie put his heart into the trestle, but also a few of his laboring brethren, namely a dozen or so who stood in the wrong place when the concrete was being poured. The

live burial of these Orientals was accidental, though this form of cementing relations with the Chinese is ridiculous.

The true Westerner had a notorious sense of humor. Picture if you will the ragged and battered Indian scout who staggers into camp with an arrow between his shoulder blades, and when asked how he feels, replies, "It only hurts when I laugh."

Or visualize the loutish tenderfoot who is the victim of a "job" by ranch hands and is put astride the outfit's man-killing bronc, but who somehow manages to 'ride her out', step down from the saddle and casually remark, "Lopes kinda high, don't she?"

Back when Sitting Bull was still a little squat, and many moons before the Marlboro cigarette cowboy started chomping filters while he searched the sidewalks of New York for the cayuse he lost in the West during the early part of the commercial, people weren't bugged by posters cluttering up the sides of the trails, or by boob tube advertisement peddlers. In those days the only hair remover was a tomahawk, and the only hair restorant was needle and thread. In days of yore the odor of sweat marked a man as being honest, but today a man ain't a man unless he smells like a bed of flowers. From Corral Number 5 to Chanel Number 5...

Ever stop to notice how sissified we've become since our kinfolk first went thataway? There was no need for fancy names on the labels of bottles in the frontier saloons. A bartender pushed his booze without benefit of Madison Avenue by calling the stuff Tanglefoot, Panther Sweat, Old Overshoe, White Hearse, Montana Lightning and even a few slightly vulgar names. Today we call the kickapoo joy juice by soothing handles like Cream of Kentucky, Southern Comfort, and that tickling good giggle water known commercially as Three Feathers. Beer used to be beer, but today cerveza is being peddled under the auspices of a confused bear who has lost so many battles during commercials it makes this scribe wonder how old friend ursinus escaped complete annihilation with Custer at the Little Big Horn.

Speaking of Custer, did you know that old Yellow Hair was a born optimist? Nor did he believe in surrender. When the Indians closed in on him and his soldiers at the Little Big Horn (sometimes called Greasy Grass), Custer's last words were, "Men, don't take any prisoners!"

In days of yore men came West for countless reasons, but many of them came to dig for gold. Today the job of digging for gold has become a less complicated operation and is performed by women in a much easier way--it is a separation process called alimony.

These were the rawhide years, the years when men were boot leather tough and wildcat mean. No challenge went unanswered, no offer of drink was refused, nobody ate their own beef, and everybody nodded from behind their smoking pistolas to the gent history calls "Stinkin' Sheepherder!" Gauntlets were dropped by nature and the pioneer picked them up. Empires were carved out of a country that sometimes was as hard as granite, and even to this day earthbreakers paraphrase Winston Churchill by dipping their plows into their land and saying irreverently, "Never has so little land yielded so many rocks for so few farmers."

The old west also had its share of undesirables. Some of these were called hard-cases. Billy the Kid, Johnny-Behind-The-Deuce, Pony Deal, King Fisher and gunhawks like the ever hungry Boone Helm, the latter a man who lived off of his friends via cannibalism. There were men who lived by their guns, men who stuck by their guns, and men who happened to get in front of guns. And, of course, there were those historians refer to mildly as sons of guns.

Every frontier town had its cemetery, and there was nothing fancy about its name either. No Forest Lawn or Whispering Pines Rest or Shady Acres monickers for our ancient brothers of the buckskin trousers; they called their paleface Happy Hunting Ground by the simple title of Boot Hill. Tombstones were rarities during these early years. When a man 'cashed in his chips' his grave was marked with a candle-box headboard and, if he had luck on his side, someone fortunate enough to have received a smattering of larnin' burnt his name, date of demise, and occasionally an epitaph into the headboard. Some of these epitaphs were short, yet they spoke volumes. In Tombstone, Arizona where I visited a few short years ago, a trip to their local Boot Hill yielded gems like these:

HERE LIES LES MOORE
SHOT BY A FORTY-FOUR
NO LESS, NO MOORE.

and:

HERE LIES (NAME OF VICTIM)
THE OTHER GUY WAS THE FASTEST.

and:

(NAME OF VICTIM)
HANGED BY MISTAKE.

But the prize epitaph of all came from the headboard of a cemetery on the edge of an Idaho ghost town, in the shadow of War Eagle Mountain. It read:

(NAME OF VICTIM UNREADABLE)
TRIED TO OUT-DRAW ANOTHER MAN
HE DIDN'T.

Simplicity appeared to be the Westerner's answer to every problem. When he came upon a strange table rock occupied by a lone mustang, he called it Wild Horse Mesa and went about his business. Still, it is interesting to speculate on the possible origin of names that were born during the rawhide years. Hangman's Gulch needs no elaboration. Nor does Fractured Jaw, Stinkin' Water, Crazy Woman Creek, Broken Leg, Sleeping Child, Slumgullion Pass or Dead Horse. But the town of Jawbone automatically piques one's interest. A check reveals only the fact that no Biblical Symbology was involved; the "slain with the jawbone of an ass" passage was far too complicated a trail to ride in search of an appropriate name for the hamlet the man planned to found; ergo, he probably thought about the blabbermouth mother-in-law he had left behind.... and immediately christened his new townsite with the name of Jawbone.

Shoot-outs on the streets were not unusual, though it took Owen Wister's "Virginian" to make this a matter of record. Wister's implacable Virginian met the villain Trampas during a gunmans walk, not realizing that he was setting the precedent for horse operas of the future that would consist of the inevitable street shoot-out, which Hollywood would succinctly refer to as the "Trampas Walk." Having studied this particular Trampas walk quite closely, I would like to set the record straight about it. In observing two gunmen walking down the middle of a dusty street, coming towards each other on stiff legs yawning like open scissors, I believe I can offer a logical answer to the question of why they walked this way. The stiff-legged straddle was not assumed in anger, but because the hombres doing the Trampas walk were galled up.

Education was practically nonexistent in the early West, although the few schoolmarms who did venture forth into the wilderness were considered as royalty and respected accordingly. Back then the cry used to be, "Long live our teachers!" The same cry is still heard but when someone sounds off with, "Long live our teachers!" a shame-filled voice begs the question, "On what?"

Contrary to popular opinion, the Lone Ranger's faithful Indian companion Tonto did not take a course in elocution from any of the frontier schoolmarms, as is evident by the fact that after all these years of traveling with the Masked Rider of the Plains poor old Tonto still can't speak anything except broken English.

Calling a pioneer a jackass was not considered to be an insult. History tomes explain why: One of the richest gold fields in Idaho was discovered by a jackass who slipped his picket-rope and went off by himself (her-self?) to show his master how prospecting was done. The pages of history books are filled with many incidents where jackasses have made people of themselves by playing prominent roles during the early days of the West. George Ives, notorious during the lawless time of Montana's sheriff Henry Plummer, dangled from the end of a Vigilant's rope because a jackass snitched him off. The jackass belonged to the man Ives murdered. Perhaps this is where the lowly burro received the cognomen of "Rocky Mountain Canary." Quien sabe?

Sacajawea (besides being difficult to pronounce) earned her niche in the Hall of Fame by giving Lewis and Clark the first guided tour through the Northwest. Since this obscure beginning of tourism, many vacationers have been taken.

The first Christmas to be observed by any white men, of which there is any record in the territory of what is now Montana, was in 1812 by traders of the Hudson Bay Company, in Paradise Valley. I mention this merely to show that the Fat Man in the red underwear has been peddling neckties we can't wear for many moons.

Many legends are written in the dust of time. Names like Mike Fink, Paul Bunyan and his blue ox Babe, John Kelley and his fiddle and his dancing Indian boy. There are shadow people like Mountain Jack, the man without a past who was raised by the Snakes and whose story was trapped on paper slightly over a year ago by this writer. Names of lost mines still appear on tongues of men: The

Lost Dutchman, the Lost Padre (which appeared in my short story, Judas Trail), and the Rusted Wheelbarrow mine (which was resurrected by this scribe in the short story, The Hills Won't Tell.) Ghost towns and ghosts; places like Sand Creek, Tin Cup, Greasy Grass, and the Alamo. Having examined various documents relative to the Alamo, I believe I can explain why so many Mexicans died there at the hands of Santa Ana---the architect who built the Alamo neglected to equip the joint with a back door.

Thus it is written.

The wilderness is tamed and the rawhide years are long gone. Only the memories remain; some incorrect and some tending to strain the Imagination. Nevertheless, whoever uttered the magic words that created the stampede and caused many of the rugged pioneers to head thataway, only our Red brothers disagree vociferously that this migration was the best thing that ever happened.

There are a million stories in the naked West.

This has not been one of them.

Inmates in Texas and Indiana State Prisons are touring the states schools lecturing teenagers on delinquency and pointing out the facts about crime and punishment.

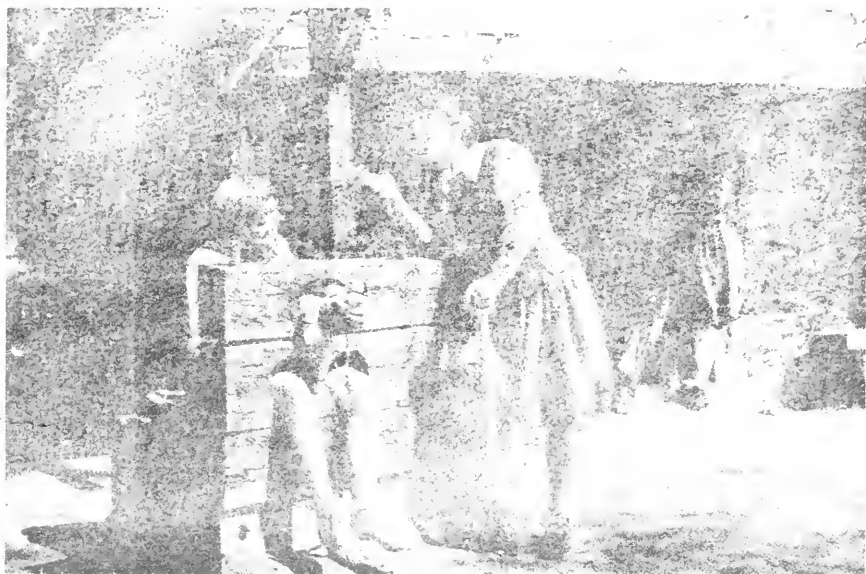
Dr. Karl Barth stated after his tour of United States Penal Institutions that American church people ought to be more conscious of the inhuman treatment in U.S. Prisons, instead of making so much fuss about putting a man on the moon.

Dr. Barth said his visit to a large American Prison which he declined to name, had been a "terrible Shock."

"I saw human beings in what they call cells," he said. "They were not cells, but cages...with people all crowded up in each, with no privacy."

"It was like a scene out of Dante's Inferno," Dr. Barth declared.

"The prison in which I preach in Basel is a paradise compared to that," he added.



He failed to renew the folk's subscription.

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H I R E

P A R O L E E S

Once again I would like to utilize the MP News to advertise the talents of men here at MSP who are in need of employment to effect their return to the free world and to their opportunity to become useful members of society.

WMA as used in the following means White Male American.

43 year old Indian - experienced in all phases of ranch work

WMA - 33 years old - Experienced fry cook. Also experienced in painting and cement work.

WMA - 35 years old - Bookkeeper, sawmill and smelter work. First offender.

Mexican - 27 years old - Worked on ranches all his life Willing worker.

WMA - 42 years old - 2 years of college. Bookkeeping, accounting and truck driving.

WMA - 42 years old - 14 years experience in heating and air conditioning. First offender.

WMA - 24 years old - Iron work, ranch work or general labor. Young and husky.

WMA - 33 years old. Has worked as chauffer and in clerical work.

WMA - 54 years old. Has worked on ranches, timber work and sawmills all his life. First offender.

Further information can be obtained from the Employment and Placement Officer:

Mr. H. D. Fanning

Box 7

Deer Lodge, Montana



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DISTRICT #3

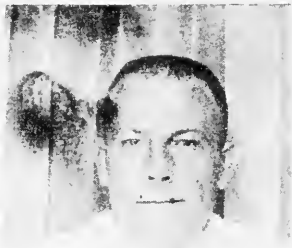
BILL CREPEAU, EDITOR

With the state convention completed we start on a new year. In planning for the new it is wise to look to the old and a recap of last year shows a lot of activity. At the first meeting of our group none of us ever believed that Jayceeing could have gotten us into so much.

Although our activities have kept us busy inside the walls, none of us claim MSP as our permanent residence. We come from all parts of the state and feel that our "local community" is the State of Montana and some of our largest efforts have been directed toward the state in general. We began with the 2-4-1 books, printing, compiling, stapling, cutting, and shipping them. Our profit was nil in terms of cash, in fact we lost money, in the process though we found out what it means to give for purpose, not gain, and this is a valuable lesson.

The Local Operation Manual has just been completed and once again we were proud to serve. This project took about 500 man hours and caused one set of ulcers. The expense to date is over \$400.00. Each man that worked on the book gave a service to the community from which he came, as you now have the manuals in those same towns and are using them to strengthen your club and city.

We hope that this book will be your right hand in Jayceeing as the more it is used the more we have contributed towards the improvement of the Montana Jaycees, the areas in which you live, and of ourselves. This is important to us as we are Jaycees.



JUMP

We JUMPed, and made quite a splash in the process. Mr. Robert Gambs, Psychiatric Social Worker with the Missoula Mental Hygiene Clinic (pictured) addressed the M.P. Jaycees on June 22 in conjunction with the film "Feeling of Hostility".

Thus inaugurating the JUMP program, the fun began.

JUMP, of course, means Jaycees Understanding Mental Problems and the first portion of understanding, awareness, was Mr. Gambs purpose. That his job was well done was noted by the conversation ranging through out the prison on the following morning. Not all of the men agreed with what was said and shown, but all of them were talking about it.

Brought out clearly in both the talk and the film was the fact that a person may be mentally ill without being a complete 'looney'. The motion picture carried us through the early life of "Clare", who, through childhood influences had become a successful business woman but was lost and unhappy outside of her work. When not at her desk her life was rather incomplete. She never 'flipped', 'cracked up', 'bugged out', or 'climbed the walls', but her life could have been made much more fulfilling and satisfactory to her with professional aid. Was she really maladjusted? The discussion lead by Mr. Gambs heard both the yes and no of this question battered around, but all agreed that had her childhood been just alightly different she would have lead a happier life, and most agreed that slight adjustments now would still allow her the chanch to be "normal".

Above all it was brought home to this audience that if Clare were in need of help, then many people are in the same position. Mr. Gambs told us that some 19,000,000 people in the U.S. are in need (to a greater of lesser degree) of professional help.

Has your club started its JUMP program yet?



Snow Storms

It looks as though the Jaycees are in prison to stay. As editor of the M. P. News I read about 250 of the Penal Press publications from around the nation and world. In the past month I was happy to see that Indiana and Louisiana have established new chapters.

This makes five prison chapters in five states and they are in this order: West Virginia, Oregon State Correctional Institute, Montana State Prison, Indiana Reformatory for Men, and Louisiana State Prison at Angola. With the Offender/Citizen program instituted in Canon City, Colorado, it seems that the trend has been set and prisons and reformatories around the country will soon be taking the first real steps to show that "prisoners are people". The difference between "convict" and "square John" will grow less and less noticeable as insiders and outsiders get to know each other and learn that each has many common problems.

Progress always seems slow in coming. That it gets here is evident to those who have been in an institution for any length of time. As Young Men of Action it should be our duty to portray a new image of the "old con" and to find ways and means to further the progress being made here and at other institutions. We all know how much there is to be done here yet, and we we should try to find constructive and practical ways of solving some of the problems that are not in the realm of security.

He who seeks for aid must show how service sought can be repaid.

Lord Lytton

Jaycee of the Month



Joe Lucas, workhorse supreme, was picked as the Jaycee of the Month. In his short career of Jayceeing, Joe has probably done as much as any man in the nation during his first six months.

Joe's popularity boosted him into the President's chair when the club was formed, and his leadership and service proved that it was a wise choice. Original organization was his first big problem and his ability to quickly grasp new ideas brought the club through trying times with relative ease. Always interested and active he lead the way through Charter Night, Wishing Wells, 2-4-1, and a number of other major and minor projects.

The May elections saw Joe in the position of Past President but this in no way slowed his drive or stemmed the flood of hard conscientious work. He has always deserved the title of Jaycee of the Month, but he was selected for this honor this month because of the excellent job he did on the Operation Manual.

The typing, editing, proof reading, and set-up on this 246 page masterpiece came almost entirely from the hand of Joe Lucas. Had he not spent as much as 12 hours a day on it the Manual might have been ready by Christmas. The inscrutable Multitility Master is an overly sensitive burden for the best of typists, Joe handled serveal hundred of them as if they were suspicious lovers and did well, as is shown by the clear print and lack of errors in the finished copy.

A job well done and a title well deserved, Joe Lucas, Jaycee of the Month.

Nothing is impossible to the industrious.

Periander of Corinth

Don't Forget **PRESIDENT'S MEETING**

**DEER LODGE, MONTANA
JULY 25th**

FIRST:

- Meeting of State Officers
- Planning Meetings
- Convention Fun for
this year
- Opportunity for Many
to Meet the Prison Jaycees

Beards



Shades of the old West! Cliff Prescott (pictured left) has grown the granddaddy of beards here at M. S. P. Looking like something left over from the claim jumping days at Virginia City, he took the "Best All A-round Beard" at the July 4th judging. His brush has been dubbed the "Unwashable".

"And the rainbow was given as a sign." Jerry Nelson (right) has grown the "Most Colorful Beard" and with it could have taken first place at any flower show. Following the spirit of the 4th red and white were the basic colors and he acted like a blue beard to complete the picture.



The terror of the mess hall, Bill Clark, didn't get off his favorite subject, food! Growing a Mutton Chops kept him in form and as the judging was just before lunch he was awarded the "Meatest Beard". The picture (left) must have been taken on the way to supper.



In the picture above the three judges for the beard contest are trying their best to act like judges. Two of them support fine beards and all three did a fine job. From left to right: Marty Crennen, State Beard Chairman for the Beard growing contest, Jim Baily, National Director, and Walt Bahr, President, Montana Jaycees.

Below are the men who participated in the Contest inside the walls. From left to right they are: John La Doux, Ray Kokendorffer, Bill Clark, Bruce Noller, Bill Crepeau, Jerry Nelson, Joe Williams, Ralph Boehm, and Cliff Prescott.



COMMITTEE REPORTS:

BEARDS:

As the picture story on the preceeding pages show, we have wrapped up the beard business. It was an interesting contest and the men really enjoyed the opportunity to go without shaving for 6 months, by the same token they were most happy to shave after the judging. Every man who stuck it out received an adjustable razor and pack of stainless steel blades, a real treat here. The three winners were given a pen and pencil set each. In all some \$30.00 was spent on prizes.

A great big thanks goes to Walt Bahr, Jim Bailly, and Marty Crennen for making the trip all the way down here in the heavy 4th of July traffic to be our judges.

As well the administration deserves and gets a vote of thanks for allowing such a contest. As far as I've been able to determine this is the first time in recent years that such an extended exception to basic policy has been granted.

Walt Wellman, Chmn.

SPORTS:

The softball shirts have arrived and are in use by the 'A' Team. Perhaps when funds are available we will be able to complete the uniforms.

The next big event on the Jaycee Sports Agenda falls on Monday, July 20th, when donkey softball will be played inside the walls. Here and now the M.P. Jaycees challenge any and all inside teams or individuals interested. Signs will be posted before the game.

Ralph Boehm, Chmn.

INTER-CLUB VISITATIONS:

We have received no response to our special and general invitations for club visits. It is quite impossible for us to come to you but we want very much to see how other clubs operate and to get to know you. If you in the mood for a trip, drop us a line. For you the prison is always open.

Ronnie Hoffman, Chmn.

BOX 7
59722

